

THE PLAYERS



THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

SALT LAKE THEATRE.
Monday and Tuesday "Fatinitza." Wednesday and Thursday, Daniel Sully in the "Parish Priest." Saturday matinee and night, "Fatinitza."

NEW GRAND THEATRE.
Monday and Tuesday, Travels, the magician, and company.

THE past week has been more or less prolific in dramatic entertainment. It opened auspiciously with Blanche Walsh's stately portrayal of "More Than Queen," and terminated last night, in a rush of melody, with the "Fatinitza" of the Salt Lake Opera company.

The attendance in each case was pleasing from the managerial viewpoint. The heavy patronage was, to some extent, due to the influx of conference visitors, but even before this reinforcement swelled the Theatre attendance the local play houses were drawing large audiences. With Daniel Sully and the local opera company on the dramatic bill of fare for the coming week, indications are favorable for a continuation of theatrical prosperity.

It is hardly likely that Salt Lake will enjoy the opportunity of again seeing the Cummings-Stock company. An insatiable appetite for things that do not come under the head of "solids"—this on the part of the local play houses and progressive lack of patronage following, seems to have fastened in the hearts of the members a strong desire to part company. Which they have done.

On the story runs, two or three members of the company, including Robert Cummings, became thoroughly disgusted after that Boise City fiasco. As it appeared to them, the not adoring reputation created in New York, and the fact that the local play houses had followed them to Seattle, and their reception was in no sense "large and enthusiastic." A feeling of distrust in the head of the company, and a feeling of being "sold out," was the result. This became so marked that it drove Ralph to refreshment, so they say. At any rate, it looked as if more money was going into the hands of the Cummings than into the hands of the local play houses. Charles Giffen closed, and accompanied by his wife, returned for New York.

Up to this time Mr. Cummings' marital relations had not been disturbed. But the day following the departure of his wife, he was seen in the company of a young woman, who, it was said, was the daughter of a wealthy man. This was enough to disrupt the company. What became of all the other members is not known. Bayard Keller, press agent, became dramatic editor of the Seattle Star, and Blackmore, Downe, alias Shaw, alias Poland, Miss Holt and Ralph are supposedly roving in different directions.

Frank Damrosch, the famous orchestra leader, and the Methodist Social Union of New York, insisted that its church organ should not imitate the orchestra, but should be a church organ. He said that as an instrument, the organ "is fine enough, but big enough, and good enough, to stand up to the orchestra." This calls to mind the fact that the improvements which are at present being pushed forward on the tabernacle organ, include the finest of the other work. In the flutes alone, there are eight varieties, the other instruments being in proportion.

It is safe to say that the majority of those who have heard the tabernacle organ do not agree with Professor Damrosch in his assertion that the imitation of orchestra work should be excluded from repertoire of church music.

Professor Damrosch also inveighs against the church quartette, insisting that the choral work should be confined to the choir and chorus.

A New York Press: "Poor Maurice Barrymore! A host of friends were saying yesterday, as the once famous actor roamed restlessly about the insane pavilion at Bellevue, that he was a patient as if they were stage hands or keeping them laughing with the dry, staccato humor that has made him a noted wit for years and which does not fall him in the hopeless disorder of his mind. It became sadly evident yesterday, the second day of his confinement in Bellevue's pavilion, that Barrymore never will tread the stage again, save in his mad fancy. An examination made yesterday by Dr. Barrymore and Dr. Wildman, Barrymore met them with his same old sweet air of courtesy and good humor that has endeared him to thousands. He received them in the bare hall of the pavilion as he might have welcomed them to his home. It was an apparent effort to pull himself together, but this effort was soon exhausted. He fell to telling them of the new play he was writing.

This day, he explained, was to make Shakespeare look like "a syndicate author," as he expressed it. Everybody was to have a part in the play but Dick Mansfield. Here he began to rant wildly, running one sentence into another, interrupting exclamations, tramping about and making extravagant gestures. At times his language was brilliant, then incoherent. It was like a man who had been driven to the wall, and who went off in every direction. But toward the doctors he was his old, self-reliant, buoyant self.

Mr. Barrymore is hopelessly insane," said Dr. Fitch quietly. "He will never play again. He has paroxysms and is going to the asylum." "It was found necessary to give Barrymore more narcotics last night to prevent him from disturbing the other patients by his incessant talking. He thinks he is killing his engagement on the Lyric Music hall stage, where he was to give sketches over and over again with fire and force. He is the center of observation of the other patients, all of whom entertain by his recitations and stories.

He continually talks of his own greatness and comments on the acting of others. For the past few days he has been saving for Manfield and Henry Irving, whom he hates bitterly. He also lashes out at the other patients, and the theatrical syndicate. One of the doctors who have marked his growing mental disorder has been an inordinate desire to be a great actor. This has been so marked that the doctors who love him have shaken their heads over his talk for the past year. Yesterday he spent a long time writing an extravagant notice of himself, and ordered the keepers to have pasted all over the city in four-sheet posters.

The best actor of the United States of America has ever entertained, said all the humor, the poise, the command and the valiance of a noble commander. Mr. Barrymore, with far greater culture and natural humor, has been so marked that the doctors who love him have shaken their heads over his talk for the past year. Yesterday he spent a long time writing an extravagant notice of himself, and ordered the keepers to have pasted all over the city in four-sheet posters.

It has been understood for years that Jim Welsh, a big, good-hearted brother of the young doctor, labored in the "theatrical circles" of the city. He was a doctor and this is Jim's happy day, for he is not his brother a physician, with his long white coat and stethoscope. He is a doctor, and this is Jim's happy day, for he is not his brother a physician, with his long white coat and stethoscope.

John Barrymore appeared with Court Officer Boyle of the Yorkville Police before Magistrate Mott yesterday afternoon to obtain the commitment papers. They had a letter from Dr. Newton, who wrote that Mr. Barrymore was dangerously insane. Magistrate Mott issued papers which will allow the family to place Mr. Barrymore in some asylum. He will be detained for a period of three months, and Dr. Fitch is not prepared to make a formal report. Genuine sorrow is felt in theatrical circles over the fate of Barrymore's witty sayings were "told yesterday. He probably will be sent to Bloomingdale."

It is a gentle even in his insanity," said Dr. Schultz last night. "He has made the other patients deeply attached to him already."

GLIMMERINGS.
Roland Reed dead. Sembrich's voice gone. Olga Nethercole dying from cancer. Maurice Barrymore a rabid fanatic and at death's door—all in the news of two weeks.

John Fairbank is at the Orpheum in San Francisco, at a sketch which seems to please, but is, in reality, extremely mediocre. Melbourne Macdowell is in the city, and is going to have been hissed off the stage a few nights ago.

The Broadway company is touring the Pacific coast with great success. The same principals who appeared here, including Miss Van Buren and Mr. Reynolds, have added a number of new plays to their repertoire. Among them are "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Chimney Corner."

Nell of Old Drury" until late in May. Miss Rehan will go abroad in June and remain till the last of September. A. Martin and George Lansing for the new, but set unannounced, the existing mixture of the present grand opera chorus.

William A. Brady bought a 100-acre farm near Asbury Park, N. J., last week for \$16,000. The new house is to be an outdoor production of "Way Down East" next summer.

Murray & Mack have decided not to play in San Francisco this summer. George A. Florida, business representative, has been re-engaged for next season, which will make his sixth year with the company.

Harry Corson Clarke was awarded \$200 and costs in his suit against Clement St. Martin and George Lansing for violation of contract. In Judge W. T. (Bill) Hall's court, in Chicago, ten days ago.

John Hare places the audiences of Boston and Chicago at the head in point of intelligence and keenness of appreciation. He says that in Philadelphia they are stupid and in New York they are hardly better than in Philadelphia, except on a first night, when a special and not a typical assembly is on hand.

Blanche Walsh's production of a dramatic version of the novel, "Joan of the Wood," is the most important production to be staged next season. She will spend \$30,000 on it and has supporting company will be a strong one.

James J. Jeffries has just finished an engagement of one week at the Alhambra, Chicago.

THE WEEK'S PROMISE.
Beginning Wednesday evening next, patrons of the Salt Lake theatre will witness a presentation in this city of Daniel Sully's pleasing play, "The Parish Priest." The story is simple but interesting, depicting the doings of an evening on the road of life. The story of "The Parish Priest" is a tale of a man who is a priest, and who is a man of the people. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

Act I is the scene of the home of Dr. Thomas Cassidy, who this day turns over his practice to Edward Welsh, who has just graduated from a medical college, for which he was in the service in the office of Dr. Cassidy. The latter has a daughter, Agnes, who is engaged to be married to Frank Douglas, a young attorney, but her father hopes she will marry Dr. Welsh, whom he loves as a son. Welsh is engaged to the daughter of a wealthy man, but he is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

It has been understood for years that Jim Welsh, a big, good-hearted brother of the young doctor, labored in the "theatrical circles" of the city. He was a doctor and this is Jim's happy day, for he is not his brother a physician, with his long white coat and stethoscope.

John Barrymore appeared with Court Officer Boyle of the Yorkville Police before Magistrate Mott yesterday afternoon to obtain the commitment papers. They had a letter from Dr. Newton, who wrote that Mr. Barrymore was dangerously insane.

It is a gentle even in his insanity," said Dr. Schultz last night. "He has made the other patients deeply attached to him already."

GLIMMERINGS.
Roland Reed dead. Sembrich's voice gone. Olga Nethercole dying from cancer. Maurice Barrymore a rabid fanatic and at death's door—all in the news of two weeks.

John Fairbank is at the Orpheum in San Francisco, at a sketch which seems to please, but is, in reality, extremely mediocre. Melbourne Macdowell is in the city, and is going to have been hissed off the stage a few nights ago.

The Broadway company is touring the Pacific coast with great success. The same principals who appeared here, including Miss Van Buren and Mr. Reynolds, have added a number of new plays to their repertoire. Among them are "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Chimney Corner."

"The Little Minister" is pleasing large audiences at the Columbia theatre. San Francisco. The company's engagement there being of three weeks' duration.

William Faversham was enthusiastically greeted upon his reappearance on the stage last night. He was a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

NEW YORK, April 2.—In the millinery of the opening—of the spring, with its charming sunshine bringing signs of life into the trees and out of the ground, and clothing nature in her garb of green, nowhere more strikingly evident than in the second layer of the box of early strawberries, apparently so red and tempting: in the midst of all this have been heard the strains of the "Sally" song, sung by the Grand opera orchestras, soloists, all have sung their "sally" song. The past week has seen the beginning of the "Sally" song, sung by the Grand opera orchestras, soloists, all have sung their "sally" song.

Never was the fact that we do not seem to appreciate our joys until we are about to lose them more strongly emphasized than during these past few days. The public has acted at every opportunity to show its appreciation of the "Sally" song, sung by the Grand opera orchestras, soloists, all have sung their "sally" song.

John Hare places the audiences of Boston and Chicago at the head in point of intelligence and keenness of appreciation. He says that in Philadelphia they are stupid and in New York they are hardly better than in Philadelphia, except on a first night, when a special and not a typical assembly is on hand.

Blanche Walsh's production of a dramatic version of the novel, "Joan of the Wood," is the most important production to be staged next season. She will spend \$30,000 on it and has supporting company will be a strong one.

James J. Jeffries has just finished an engagement of one week at the Alhambra, Chicago.

THE WEEK'S PROMISE.
Beginning Wednesday evening next, patrons of the Salt Lake theatre will witness a presentation in this city of Daniel Sully's pleasing play, "The Parish Priest." The story is simple but interesting, depicting the doings of an evening on the road of life. The story of "The Parish Priest" is a tale of a man who is a priest, and who is a man of the people. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

Act I is the scene of the home of Dr. Thomas Cassidy, who this day turns over his practice to Edward Welsh, who has just graduated from a medical college, for which he was in the service in the office of Dr. Cassidy. The latter has a daughter, Agnes, who is engaged to be married to Frank Douglas, a young attorney, but her father hopes she will marry Dr. Welsh, whom he loves as a son. Welsh is engaged to the daughter of a wealthy man, but he is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

It has been understood for years that Jim Welsh, a big, good-hearted brother of the young doctor, labored in the "theatrical circles" of the city. He was a doctor and this is Jim's happy day, for he is not his brother a physician, with his long white coat and stethoscope.

John Barrymore appeared with Court Officer Boyle of the Yorkville Police before Magistrate Mott yesterday afternoon to obtain the commitment papers. They had a letter from Dr. Newton, who wrote that Mr. Barrymore was dangerously insane.

It is a gentle even in his insanity," said Dr. Schultz last night. "He has made the other patients deeply attached to him already."

GLIMMERINGS.
Roland Reed dead. Sembrich's voice gone. Olga Nethercole dying from cancer. Maurice Barrymore a rabid fanatic and at death's door—all in the news of two weeks.

John Fairbank is at the Orpheum in San Francisco, at a sketch which seems to please, but is, in reality, extremely mediocre. Melbourne Macdowell is in the city, and is going to have been hissed off the stage a few nights ago.

The Broadway company is touring the Pacific coast with great success. The same principals who appeared here, including Miss Van Buren and Mr. Reynolds, have added a number of new plays to their repertoire. Among them are "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Chimney Corner."

"The Little Minister" is pleasing large audiences at the Columbia theatre. San Francisco. The company's engagement there being of three weeks' duration.

William Faversham was enthusiastically greeted upon his reappearance on the stage last night. He was a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

John Fairbank is at the Orpheum in San Francisco, at a sketch which seems to please, but is, in reality, extremely mediocre. Melbourne Macdowell is in the city, and is going to have been hissed off the stage a few nights ago.

The Broadway company is touring the Pacific coast with great success. The same principals who appeared here, including Miss Van Buren and Mr. Reynolds, have added a number of new plays to their repertoire. Among them are "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Chimney Corner."

"The Little Minister" is pleasing large audiences at the Columbia theatre. San Francisco. The company's engagement there being of three weeks' duration.

NEW YORK, April 2.—In the millinery of the opening—of the spring, with its charming sunshine bringing signs of life into the trees and out of the ground, and clothing nature in her garb of green, nowhere more strikingly evident than in the second layer of the box of early strawberries, apparently so red and tempting: in the midst of all this have been heard the strains of the "Sally" song, sung by the Grand opera orchestras, soloists, all have sung their "sally" song.

Never was the fact that we do not seem to appreciate our joys until we are about to lose them more strongly emphasized than during these past few days. The public has acted at every opportunity to show its appreciation of the "Sally" song, sung by the Grand opera orchestras, soloists, all have sung their "sally" song.

John Hare places the audiences of Boston and Chicago at the head in point of intelligence and keenness of appreciation. He says that in Philadelphia they are stupid and in New York they are hardly better than in Philadelphia, except on a first night, when a special and not a typical assembly is on hand.

Blanche Walsh's production of a dramatic version of the novel, "Joan of the Wood," is the most important production to be staged next season. She will spend \$30,000 on it and has supporting company will be a strong one.

James J. Jeffries has just finished an engagement of one week at the Alhambra, Chicago.

THE WEEK'S PROMISE.
Beginning Wednesday evening next, patrons of the Salt Lake theatre will witness a presentation in this city of Daniel Sully's pleasing play, "The Parish Priest." The story is simple but interesting, depicting the doings of an evening on the road of life. The story of "The Parish Priest" is a tale of a man who is a priest, and who is a man of the people. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

Act I is the scene of the home of Dr. Thomas Cassidy, who this day turns over his practice to Edward Welsh, who has just graduated from a medical college, for which he was in the service in the office of Dr. Cassidy. The latter has a daughter, Agnes, who is engaged to be married to Frank Douglas, a young attorney, but her father hopes she will marry Dr. Welsh, whom he loves as a son. Welsh is engaged to the daughter of a wealthy man, but he is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

It has been understood for years that Jim Welsh, a big, good-hearted brother of the young doctor, labored in the "theatrical circles" of the city. He was a doctor and this is Jim's happy day, for he is not his brother a physician, with his long white coat and stethoscope.

John Barrymore appeared with Court Officer Boyle of the Yorkville Police before Magistrate Mott yesterday afternoon to obtain the commitment papers. They had a letter from Dr. Newton, who wrote that Mr. Barrymore was dangerously insane.

It is a gentle even in his insanity," said Dr. Schultz last night. "He has made the other patients deeply attached to him already."

GLIMMERINGS.
Roland Reed dead. Sembrich's voice gone. Olga Nethercole dying from cancer. Maurice Barrymore a rabid fanatic and at death's door—all in the news of two weeks.

John Fairbank is at the Orpheum in San Francisco, at a sketch which seems to please, but is, in reality, extremely mediocre. Melbourne Macdowell is in the city, and is going to have been hissed off the stage a few nights ago.

The Broadway company is touring the Pacific coast with great success. The same principals who appeared here, including Miss Van Buren and Mr. Reynolds, have added a number of new plays to their repertoire. Among them are "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Chimney Corner."

"The Little Minister" is pleasing large audiences at the Columbia theatre. San Francisco. The company's engagement there being of three weeks' duration.

William Faversham was enthusiastically greeted upon his reappearance on the stage last night. He was a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

John Fairbank is at the Orpheum in San Francisco, at a sketch which seems to please, but is, in reality, extremely mediocre. Melbourne Macdowell is in the city, and is going to have been hissed off the stage a few nights ago.

The Broadway company is touring the Pacific coast with great success. The same principals who appeared here, including Miss Van Buren and Mr. Reynolds, have added a number of new plays to their repertoire. Among them are "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Chimney Corner."

"The Little Minister" is pleasing large audiences at the Columbia theatre. San Francisco. The company's engagement there being of three weeks' duration.

Phillips Brooks' Best Memorial.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 6, 1901.—A really appropriate memorial of a good and great man is sufficiently rare to be remarkable wherever it may be found. In the Phillips Brooks House at Harvard, however, one cannot help thinking that the usefulness of the memorial responds to the usefulness of the life, its character to the character of the man commemorated with a perfection which is almost, if not quite, unique.

"Majestic in stature, impetuous in utterance, rejoicing in the truth, unhampered by bonds of church or station, he brought by his life and doctrine fresh faith to a people, fresh meaning to ancient creeds. To this university he gave constant love, large service, high example."

Another inscription records the main facts in Phillips Brooks' life. A brief characterization occupies a third:

"Majestic in stature, impetuous in utterance, rejoicing in the truth, unhampered by bonds of church or station, he brought by his life and doctrine fresh faith to a people, fresh meaning to ancient creeds. To this university he gave constant love, large service, high example."

Other inscriptions complement these. One commemorates William Belden

THIS HOUSE IS DEDICATED TO PIETY, CHARITY, HOSPITALITY, IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The Phillips Brooks House at Harvard. The house is a large, two-story building with a prominent central tower and a series of arches along the front. It is surrounded by a lawn and trees.

Phillips Brooks House at Harvard. The house is a large, two-story building with a prominent central tower and a series of arches along the front. It is surrounded by a lawn and trees.

Noble of the class of 1885, in whose memory the Noble lectures were established by the Young Men's Christian Association of Harvard. The inscription reads, "Arden, joyous, generous, yearning for knowledge," the inscription reads, "impassioned for holiness, he sought to be a minister by the pattern of Phillips Brooks."

The purpose of the building is a noble one. It is a place where the students of Harvard can find a home, a place where they can find a home, a place where they can find a home.

The house is not a club house. Professor Francis G. Peabody of the committee established to regulate the use of the building has compared it rather to a parish house. It is a place where the students of Harvard can find a home, a place where they can find a home, a place where they can find a home.

Mr. Scully permits no detail of his business to escape him. He even sees that his operations are conducted in a way that will not harm the public. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.

He is the richest farmer in the richest agricultural section in the world. His wealth is said to be \$25,000,000. He is a man of the people, and who is a man of the people.